

The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day,

Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeepe without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers

death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,

When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,

But in battalians: first her Father slaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

VVithout the which we are pictures, or mere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,

And

Prince of De

And wants not buzzers to infect his e
With pestilent speeches of his fathers
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd
Will nothing stick our person to arrai
In eare and eare: ô my deare *Gertrard*
Like to a murdring peece in many pl
Giues me superfluous death.

Enter a Messe

King. Attend, where is my Swisse
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
Eates not the flats with more impietie
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous hea
Ore beares your Officres: the rabble
And as the world were now but to b
Antiquity forgot, custome not kno
The ratifiers and props of euery wo
The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King

Quee. How cheerefully on the f
O this is counter you false Danish c

Enter Laertes

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? sirs st

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the d
Give me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that
Cries cuckold to my father, brand
Euen heere betweene the chaste vn
Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause *Laer*
That thy rebellion looks so gyar

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